A heart For Guidance

(Islamic moral stories)

In the name of Allah the most Gracious the most Merciful

“Indeed in their stories there is a lesson for people of reason .” (Surah Yusuf 12:111)

Ayesha Siddiqha

Introduction

Morals shape character, Stories shape hearts. This book is a humble attempt to bring together timeless Islamic stories from the life of the Prophet ﷺ, the Khulafa, the Sahaba, and the pious that reflect the values we often forget: honesty, patience, humility, gratitude, justice, and more.

Each story is short, but its lesson is everlasting and I hope it may bring a small change in your daily life.

May these stories touch your heart and guide your steps closer to Allah ﷻ.

— Ayesha Siddiqha

The Lantern in the Alley

His name was Bilal, but in the neighbourhood they called him “Shayṭān’s shadow.”
He grew up in a rough part of Cairo. Angry, sharp-tongued, and feared. He gambled, cursed, broke hearts, and avoided every mosque like it carried poison. When his mother cried and begged him to change, he would walk out and slam the door.
One night, after a fight, Bilal stormed off and wandered into a narrow alley. The only light came from an old lantern hanging outside a small masjid. He wasn’t looking for Allah. He was looking for a place to hide.
Inside, the masjid was empty… except for a frail old man in sujood.Bilal sat quietly in the corner.
He watched the man pray, alone, whispering, sobbing, pausing between each ayah and then without planning to Bilal began to cry.
Not loud. Not dramatic. But the kind of cry that comes from a heart that’s been hard for too long.When the old man finished, he looked at Bilal and smiled gently.
“You came here for shelter. But maybe Allah brought you here for something else.”
Bilal looked down and whispered, “I don’t even know how to pray.”
The man nodded, tears in his eyes. “That’s okay. Your tears are already a prayer.”
That night, Bilal prayed Fajr the first in years.
He didn’t become perfect overnight. But he came back the next day. And the next. The streets still called him “Shayṭān’s shadow” but in the masjid, he was just Bilal: a servant trying to come home.
Years later, he became the caretaker of that very masjid. He would light the lantern outside every night for others like him who needed light in dark places.
Moral of the Story:
No matter how far you’ve gone, Allah never shuts the door of repentance. One tear, one step toward Him and He comes running.
“Say, ‘O My servants who have transgressed against themselves, do not despair of the mercy of Allah. Indeed, Allah forgives all sins…’”
(Surah Az-Zumar 39:53)
The Prophet said, “Allah is more joyful at the repentance of His servant than one who finds his lost camel in the desert.”
— Sahih Muslim

The Caliph and the Carpenter

During the golden age of Islam, when ‘Umar ibn al-Khattab (r.a) was the Caliph, he was known for walking the streets at night to check on the people. He wore no crown.
He had no guards. Just a stick, a lamp, and a heart full of responsibility.
One day, a young man entered the court in Madinah, trembling.
“I want to file a complaint,” he said.
“Against whom?” the judge asked.
The boy hesitated. “Against the Amir al-Mu’minin… against Caliph ‘Umar himself.”
Gasps filled the room.
The judge, Shurayh, nodded. “Bring him. He is like any man here.”
Later, ‘Umar (RA) entered the court. No throne. No guards. Just him and the boy.
The judge offered ‘Umar a seat slightly higher than the boy’s. But ‘Umar refused and sat equal, eye to eye with the complainant.
The case?
A piece of land that ‘Umar had ordered to be used for a public road. The boy claimed it was taken unfairly.The judge listened to both sides.
Then he turned to ‘Umar and said, “You must either return the land or provide its equal in value.”
‘Umar lowered his head and said, “You are right. Justice belongs to all, not just the ruler.”
He returned the land. After the boy left, the judge stood and trembled.
“Ya Amir al-Mu’minin… how could you sit and accept a ruling against yourself without anger?” , Umar looked at him and said:
“If I do not submit to justice in this world, how will I face Allah in the next?”
Moral of the Story:
True justice is blind to titles. In Islam, no one is above the law — not even the Caliph of the Muslims.
“Indeed, Allah commands you to render trusts to whom they are due and when you judge between people to judge with justice…”
Surah An-Nisa (4:58)
The Prophet □ said, “The nations before you were destroyed because they used to pardon the rich and punish the poor.”
Sahih al-Bukhari

The Boy and the Judge

Long ago in the city of Kufa, a respected judge named Shurayh sat in his court when a young boy came in holding a small wooden toy, broken and cracked.
The boy looked nervous. “Judge Shurayh, someone broke this. I want justice.”
The court fell silent.
The boy pointed to the man beside him. “It was the Caliph’s son.”
everyone turned standing silently was the son of Caliph Ali ibn Abi Talib (RA).
The judge turned to the prince. “Did you break it?”
“Yes,” the boy replied quietly, “I did. I was playing rough. I didn’t mean to, but I broke it.”
The judge nodded. “Do you have anything to say in your defense?”
“No,” said the boy. “I speak the truth.”
The boy’s father, the Caliph Ali (RA), stepped forward from the crowd. He said nothing.
The judge turned to the child who brought the case. “What would you like as justice?”
The child hesitated. “I don’t want money. I just want a sorry.”
The Caliph’s son stepped forward and said, “I’m sorry. I was wrong.”
The court fell silent again.
Judge Shurayh stood up and said,
“This is what justice looks like. A leader who allows his son to be judged like anyone else, and a boy brave enough to tell the truth. May Allah bless the truthful.”
That small case became famous across the land. It was said later, “A kingdom ruled by truth never crumbles.”
Moral of the Story:
Truthfulness is strength, not weakness. It builds justice, trust, and dignity in both rulers and the ruled.
“O you who believe! Be conscious of Allah, and be with those who are truthful.”
Surah At-Tawbah (9:119)
“Truth leads to righteousness, and righteousness leads to Paradise.”
Prophet Muhammad ﷺ Sahih Bukhari & Muslim

Umar and the Cry of the Night

It was a cold and quiet night in Madinah.
Most people were asleep, wrapped in warmth and dreams. But not Umar ibn al-Khattab (RA), the second Caliph of Islam. While others rested, Umar would roam the streets in the darkness, unseen, unannounced, checking on his people to make sure no one was left hungry, no widow abandoned, no orphan crying alone.
That night, as he walked with his companion Aslam, they heard something ,a faint cry, almost like a child sobbing.
Umar stopped. “Do you hear that, Aslam?”
They followed the sound until they came upon a small clay hut at the edge of the city. Through a crack in the wall, they saw a woman sitting by a fire, boiling a pot of water. Around her sat three young children, clearly in pain, their stomachs empty, their eyes swollen with tears.
“Why are they crying?” Umar whispered.
The woman sighed loudly and spoke aloud to her children. “Go to sleep, my children. Soon this food will be ready.” But there was no food. Only water and stones in the pot—boiling, bubbling, making it look like she was cooking.
She was trying to fool her children into thinking food was coming, just so they would cry themselves to sleep. Umar’s heart shook.
Aslam turned to him, his face pale.
Umar said nothing. He ran…yes, the Commander of the Believers ran through the streets of Madinah. He reached the Bayt al-Mal (the public treasury), and personally carried a heavy sack of flour, oil, and dates on his back.
“Let me carry it, O Amir al-Mu’minin,” Aslam pleaded.
Umar shook his head. “Will you carry my sins on the Day of Judgment too?”
When they returned, Umar himself cooked the food. He lit the fire, stirred the pot, and served the meal. He knelt beside the children and watched them eat, smiling through their tears. One of them giggled. The woman, still unaware of who he was, said:
“You are better than Umar. He should have looked after us. Umar said nothing. He waited until the children fell asleep, full and peaceful, their tiny chests rising gently in slumber. Only then did he leave, tears in his own eyes.

Moral of the Story:
A leader in Islam is not the one who sits high in power, but the one who walks low in humility. True responsibility means caring for those no one sees, hearing the cries no one hears.
“Each of you is a shepherd, and each of you is responsible for his flock.”said Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم)Sahih al-Bukhari)
“And they give food in spite of love for it to the needy, the orphan, and the captive.”
— Surah Al-Insan (76:8)

The Honest Shopkeeper

In the heart of bustling Baghdad lived a young man named Yusuf, known in the market as an honest trader.
His stall was simple: dates, figs, and nuts laid out neatly with handwritten signs and fair prices.
He didn't shout for attention or exaggerate the quality of his goods. Instead, he greeted every customer with "Assalamu Alaikum" and a gentle smile.
One day, a wealthy merchant from another city came to Yusuf's stall. The man was testing traders for honesty pretending to be ignorant of weights and values. He approached Yusuf and asked for one kilogram of dates.
Yusuf weighed them, then said,
"Brother, these dates are good, but I have another batch that is fresher. It's a bit more expensive, but better in quality."
The merchant was surprised. "You would tell me this even though I would have never known? "Yusuf replied, "Our Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) said, 'Whoever cheats us is not one of us.'"
Later that week, the merchant returned this time with caravan after caravan. He had decided to partner only with Yusuf.
"Your honesty is worth more than gold," he said. "People will forget what you sell, but they will never forget how you made them feel."
Yusuf became one of the most respected traders in the city not because of wealth, but because of his character.

Moral of the Story:
Honesty is the mark of a true believer. Even in business, integrity brings blessings far beyond what deceit can offer.
"Woe to those that deal in fraud… Do they not think they will be resurrected on a mighty Day?"(Surah Al-Mutaffifin 83:1-5)
"The honest merchant will be with the Prophets, the truthful, and the martyrs."
-Hadith (Tirmidhi)

The Tears of a Mother

In the early years of Islam, there lived a woman named Layla in the outskirts of Madinah. She had lost her husband in one of the early battles defending the Prophet...left behind with her only son, a young boy named Harith,

She raised him with strength, faith, and endless du'a.

"My son," she would say, brushing his hair after Fajr, "you are all I have, but you belong first to Allah."

Years passed, and Harith grew into a righteous, kind, and brave young man. He memorized the Qur'an, cared for the neighbours, and never missed a prayer in the masjid. He was the light of his mother's eyes.

One day, the call came that the Muslims needed defenders. Harith stood and told his mother, "If I do not go, who will?"

Layla wept, but she did not stop him. She kissed his forehead and whispered, "If you die in the path of Allah, I will not mourn ,I will praise."

Days passed.

Then came the news:

Harith had fallen in battle, defending the weak and the truth.

Layla fell to her knees. Her hands trembled. But she said through tears, "O Allah, You gave him to me, and You have taken him back. Alhamdulillah in every state."

That night, she had a dream. In it, she saw her son, glowing with light, walking in a vast garden.

He turned to her and said, "Mother, do not cry. I am with the ones Allah has honoured."

She woke up crying, but with a smile.

Years later, the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم passed by her home. He stopped and said, "This is the home of the woman who gave Allah her best."

Moral of the Story:

True faith shines brightest in loss. To give something you love for the sake of Allah and still say Alhamdulillah is a sign of a heart that trusts in the Hereafter.

"Indeed, Allah has purchased from the believers their lives and their properties [in exchange] for Paradise."

— Surah At-Tawbah (9:111)

"Verily, with hardship comes ease."

— Surah Ash-Sharh (94:6)

The One Who Thanked in Hunger

In a small village near Makkah lived an old blind man named Talib. He had no family, no home of his own, and lived under a tree near the masjid.
Every day, people would pass by him as he sat quietly, his hands folded, whispering dhikr under his breath.
Talib never begged.
One day, a group of travellers sat nearby, eating dates and bread. One of them asked, “How long have you been blind, old man?”
Talib replied, smiling, “Since I was a boy.”
“And you live here alone? No family? No income? Nothing to eat?”
Talib nodded slowly. “Sometimes I get food. Sometimes I don’t.”
The man looked confused. “Yet I heard you saying Alhamdulillah again and again. What are you thankful for?”
Talib raised his head, eyes clouded but heart clear.

“I thank Allah that even if He has taken my sight, He has given me remembrance. I thank Him that while I may not taste food every day, I taste His Mercy. And when I stand before Him, He will not ask me why I was poor. But He will ask me if I was grateful.”

Tears filled the eyes of the traveller.
He stood, took off his own shawl, and wrapped it around Talib.
Then he gave him all the food he had.
That night, the man wrote in his journal,
“I met a man who had nothing but lived as if he had everything.”

Moral of the Story:
Gratitude isn’t about what you hold in your hands; it’s about what you hold in your heart. Even in hardship, remembering Allah and thanking Him elevates the soul.
“If you are grateful, I will surely increase you [in favour].”— Surah Ibrahim (14:7)
“Look at those below you and not those above you, for it is better to avoid belittling the favours of Allah upon you.”
Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم)Sahih Muslim)

The Exam That Didn’t Define Me

Hamza was always the “top student.” The one teachers praised, the one relatives bragged about.
“Doctor Hamza,” they’d say with smiles at family gatherings.
His mother, a widow, worked cleaning offices just to keep him in a good school. And Hamza worked hard not just for himself, but for her.
But when his final board exams came, something changed.
He blanked, Panic, Tears. Sleepless nights.
When the results were released, Hamza had failed in two subjects.
He sat on the floor of their apartment, the results still in his trembling hands.
His mother walked in from work, saw his face, and asked gently,

“What happened?”

He whispered, “I failed… Mama, I ruined everything. I’m not what you thought I was.”
She sat beside him, took the paper, and ripped it in half.
“I didn’t raise a result. I raised a son,” she said. “You didn’t ruin anything. You are still my dua.”
He cried like a child. She held him like one.
That year, Hamza retook his exams.
Not for pride. But for healing.
He passed with high marks not the highest, but enough. He didn’t become a doctor. But he became a teacher.
One who looked every struggling student in the eye and said:
“Your worth is never in a grade. It’s in your effort. And your taqwa.”

Moral of the Story:
Failure may knock us down — but with sincerity, dua, and effort, Allah raises those who don’t give up.
“Do not lose hope in the mercy of Allah. Indeed, Allah forgives all sins.” Surah Az-Zumar (39:53)
“If you rely upon Allah with true reliance, He will provide for you just as He provides for the birds…”
Prophet Muhammad

The silent Boy on the last bench

He was always the quiet one.Aslam sat on the last bench of the classroom not because he was a troublemaker, but because he didn't want to be seen. Torn shirt collar, taped-up shoes, always writing with a stub of a pencil he never replaced. But he never missed a single day of school.
He never talked much, never laughed too loudly. But he watched. He listened. And he always helped even when no one thanked him.
One day, the teacher announced a class trip. "Everyone bring ₹500 tomorrow," she said. The room buzzed with excitement. But Aslam looked down.
That night, he went home and sat silently while his mother, a widow, stitched clothes late into the night. Her fingers were red from the needlework. She had made them rice and salt for dinner. Aslam didn't say a word about the trip.
The next morning, he walked into school, empty-handed.
He watched from the window as the class boarded the bus, shouting, laughing, eating snacks. He sat at his desk and opened a textbook, alone.
Days passed. One evening, his teacher called him after class.
"I noticed you didn't come to the trip," she said gently.
Aslam smiled. "It's okay, Miss. I had homework. "But the teacher, moved, decided to visit his home.
There, she saw the truth a dimly lit room, broken fan, no fridge. His mother looked up from her sewing machine and smiled shyly. "He never asks for anything," she said. "He just studies. "Tears welled in the teacher's eyes.
The next week, she announced to the class, "From now on, we will have a fund for anyone who can't afford trips or books. We will help each other. Because not everyone who is silent is okay."
Years later, Aslam topped the state in his exams. He got a scholarship. He went on to become a civil servant. At his graduation, the same teacher was invited as a guest of honour.
As she came up to speak, Aslam stood and whispered, "Thank you… for seeing me when no one else did."
Moral of the Story:
Sometimes, the quietest people carry the heaviest weights. All they need is someone to help and notice . Kindness doesn't cost anything, but it can change someone's life forever.
"Allah helps His servant as long as he helps his brother."
— Sahih Muslim (2699)

“Help one another in righteousness and piety, but do not help one another in sin and aggression.
Surah al Maida (5:2)

The Empty Seat Beside Bilal

In the warm afternoons of Madinah, when the sun dipped low and the shadows stretched long, two boys would race down the alleys, their laughter echoing between the mud brick walls.
One was Bilal, the son of a date seller. The other was Nusayr, the son of a tailor.
They were inseparable like the sun and its light.
When school ended, they sat by the well, dipping their feet, planning futures that seemed endless. “One day,” Nusayr would say, “we’ll travel to Makkah together, perform Umrah with our own money. I’ll carry the bags, you carry the dreams.” And Bilal would laugh, “No, we’ll both carry dreams. Together.”
Years passed. Life grew heavier.
At age 17, Nusayr fell ill a fever that came like a thief in the night. Doctors came. Duas were whispered. The Qur’an was recited.
Bilal brought him water. Dates,Poems,Stories. But nothing worked.
One night, as the wind carried the sounds of the Maghrib adhan, Nusayr held Bilal’s hand and said, “Promise me… you’ll still go to Makkah. Even if it’s alone.”
Bilal tried to laugh. “Don’t say that. You’re coming too.”
But Nusayr only smiled… and closed his eyes.
After the burial, Bilal went quiet. The alley felt longer. The well felt deeper. And the seat beside him at school remained empty.
Yet months later, Bilal worked. Saved. Prayed.
And one winter, with trembling hands, he reached Makkah.
He stood before the Ka’bah heart pounding, eyes soaked. He whispered only one thing:
“Ya Allah… I came. We came. He’s in my heart. “He wept.
The world around him blurred, but in his chest, a seat was still reserved — for the friend who once raced with him under the sun.
Moral of the Story:
True friendship doesn’t end in this world. It continues in duas, in dreams, and if Allah wills in Jannah.
 “Close friends that Day will be enemies to each other except for the righteous.”
Surah Az-Zukhruf (43:67)
 “No two people love each other for the sake of Allah except that the more beloved of them to Allah is the one with stronger love for his friend.”
Hadith (Bayhaqi)

The Gift Without Wrapping

In the dusty streets of Lahore, where children play cricket barefoot and kites fill the sky like flocks of birds, lived Yunus, an 11-year-old boy with a shy smile and no parents.

His father had died when he was just a baby, and his mother, may Allah have mercy on her, passed two years ago.

Since then, he lived in a small orphanage run by an old imam who did his best with little.

Yunus never asked for much. He folded his clothes neatly, shared his plate with younger orphans, and never fought over toys. But there was one day he dreaded every year Eid.

Not because he didn't believe in joy. But because it reminded him of what he no longer had.

On Eid morning, the city bloomed with colour children wearing new clothes, hugging their fathers, holding their mothers' hands.

But Yunus sat by the orphanage window, wearing his one neat kurta, watching.

One of the younger boys asked, "Yunus Bhai, don't you miss having a mum or dad?"

He smiled, "I do. But I think they're watching me from Jannah. So I try to smile back."

That day, after Eid Salah, while people gave out sweets and money, Yunus disappeared for a while. When the imam went looking, he found him behind the orphanage, digging.

"What are you doing, Yunus?"

He replied, "Planting a rose bush… Mama loved roses. I thought I could gift her one in Jannah. May be Allah will tell her."

The imam choked back tears.

Yunus didn't have toys or gifts. But he had a rose bush, watered with hope.

Years later, that bush bloomed every Eid. And those who saw it remembered a boy who had nothing , yet gave everything.

Moral of the Story:

Orphans may grow up without hands to hold, but their hearts often carry the purest love. Don't just give them money. Give them dignity, kindness, and your time.

"I and the one who cares for an orphan will be together in Paradise like this," and the Prophet held his two fingers close together.

— Sahih al-Bukhari

"So as for the orphan, do not oppress [him]."

— Surah Ad-Duhaa (93:9)

The Sparrow Came Back

Samira was known for her voice. In her small village in Jordan, her Qur’an recitation would echo gently during gatherings. Her voice was soft like the morning wind and people would pause just to listen.

But one day, a car accident took what she loved most: her little daughter, Fatimah.

She was five. Bright-eyed. Always asking, “Mama, will there be flowers in Jannah?”

Samira used to laugh and reply, “More than you can count, my love.”

After Fatimah passed, the world changed. The house grew silent.

Samira stopped reciting. She stopped smiling. She stopped speaking to the world.

She would stare out the window for hours. No Qur’an. No tears. Just silence.

One day, months later, as she sat by the window, she saw a small sparrow land on the railing. It looked like it had been injured trembling, unable to fly.

She gently walked out, picked it up, and made a little nest for it from her old prayer scarf.

Each day, she would feed the bird and whisper quietly, “Heal soon.”

Weeks passed. The bird grew stronger.

One morning, it fluttered its wings and flew.

That night, for the first time in months, Samira opened the Qur’an and recited softly:

“Inna lillahi wa inna ilayhi raji’un”….“Surely we belong to Allah, and surely to Him we will return.”— Surah Al-Baqarah (2:156)

She looked up and whispered, “Ya Allah… You sent a bird to remind me that even hearts can heal.”

From that day, she returned to teaching Qur’an her voice still soft, but now filled with something more: peace.

Moral of the Story:

Sometimes, Allah sends healing in unexpected ways …a bird, a child’s memory, or a verse we had forgotten. Even when we feel broken, His mercy finds a way to reach us.

“Indeed, with hardship comes ease.”— Surah Ash-Sharh (94:6)

“Allah is more merciful to His servants than a mother is to her child.” — Prophet Muhammad)Sahih al-Bukhari)

The sorry

In the heart of Fez, Morocco, lived Harith, a tailor known for his precision, quiet nature, and spotless reputation. He rarely spoke but when he did, his words carried weight.

One morning, while walking to Fajr prayer, he overheard a group of men whispering behind him. His name came up. They laughed. One said, “He acts pious, but I heard he cheated his last customer.” Another added, “He prays in the front row, but Allah knows what’s in his books. “It was a lie. By Dhuhr, the entire street had heard it. Some turned their faces. Others avoided his shop.

Harith’s heart broke not just from the insult, but from the betrayal. One of the men speaking was Nadim, a neighbour he once helped pay rent for. He closed his shop early that day.

He didn’t eat. Didn’t speak. That night, he sat under a lantern, tears falling onto his mus’haf.

The next day, there was a knock at his door. It was Nadim.....Face pale, eyes ashamed.

“I… I’m sorry, Harith. I lied. I don’t know why. May be jealousy. May be stupidity. People are turning against me now too. Please… forgive me.”Harith stared at him.

Then walked inside, returned with a pillow tore it open and let the feathers fly out the window.

“Go,” he said softly. “Gather every feather and bring it back.”

Nadim stammered, “I… I can’t. That’s impossible.”

Harith nodded. “That’s what words are like, Nadim. Once spoken, they fly. You may regret them, but you cannot gather them.”.....Nadim looked down in shame. Then Harith added:

“But Allah is greater and forgiving. And so I forgive you… for His sake.”

Nadim cried. The kind of cry that starts in the throat and collapses into the chest.

Moral of the Story:

Forgiveness is not weakness. It is choosing peace over pride, reward over revenge — trusting that Allah sees what others do not.

“Let them pardon and overlook. Would you not love that Allah should forgive you?”

— Surah An-Nur (24:22)....

“The strong is not the one who overcomes others by strength, but the one who controls himself when angry.”

— Prophet Muhammad)Sahih al-Bukhari)

The Shoes of joy

In a narrow alley of Cairo, beneath a rusted balcony and tangled wires, lived Mariam, a single mother, and her 8-year-old son Zayd.
Zayd had one wish: a pair of white school shoes clean, new, with laces that tied up to the ankle. He saw them in the market every day on his way to madrasa. His shoes, patched and torn, let in the cold every winter and heat every summer. But he never complained.
One day, Mariam found Zayd silently scrubbing his old shoes with a rock near the doorstep.
When she asked what he was doing, he smiled, “Just making them look new, Mama.”
That night, Mariam sat awake with an empty purse and a heavy heart. Her sewing machine the only source of income had broken.
The market refused to give her any more fabric on credit. Rent was due. But still… those shoes.
The next morning, Mariam quietly took her old, gold wedding ring the last thing she owned of any value and walked three streets down to a jeweller. She sold it for less than it was worth. That evening,
Zayd returned from school, dusty and tired. On his bed lay a shoebox, wrapped in newspaper.
His eyes lit up. “Mama, what is this?”
Mariam smiled, hiding her tears behind her scarf.
“Open it, habibi.”
Zayd tore the paper and there they were the white shoes. He didn’t speak. He just threw his arms around her and whispered,
“I’ll wear them every day. Even when they get old.”
That night, Mariam wept in sujood. Not for the ring. But for the joy on her son’s face. For a moment, she felt rich.
Moral of the Story:
A mother’s love doesn’t wait for comfort or convenience. She sacrifices in silence, dreams through her child’s eyes, and gives from what she does not have. That is wealth of the heart.
“We have enjoined on man kindness to his parents: In pain did his mother bear him, and in pain did she give him birth.”
— Surah Al-Ahqaf (46:15)
“Heaven lies under the feet of mothers.”
— Prophet Muhammad ﷺ) Sunan al-Nasa’i)

The Olive Tree and the Flame

In the ancient village of Bayt Jibreen, Palestine, nestled between rolling hills and olive groves, lived two neighbours: Imran, a humble olive farmer, and Salih, a spice merchant.

Imran was poor, but his trees bore the sweetest olives in the region. He would always share them even giving his best jar of olive oil to Salih every winter.

But over time, Salih's heart began to change.

One evening, a wealthy merchant passed through the village. After tasting Imran's oil, he exclaimed, "This is unlike anything I've ever had! I'll be back to buy your whole grove."

Salih smiled politely, but his heart darkened. "Why him?" he thought. "His clothes are patched, he barely speaks. Why is Allah favouring him?"

That night, Salih couldn't sleep. He stared at the grove from his rooftop, jealousy burning like acid in his chest.

The next night, while the village slept, he crept to the grove with a torch. He lit one tree… then another.

By Fajr, flames had swallowed half the grove.

Imran ran barefoot through the trees, trying to smother the fire with wet blankets, shouting, weeping. When he fell to his knees, all he said was:

"Ya Allah, You are enough for me."

later, the village elders discovered footprints near the trees and they led to Salih's home.

When confronted, Salih broke. He confessed, sobbing, "I couldn't take it anymore. I envied his blessings… I wanted them gone."

Imran looked at him quiet. His beard still smelled of smoke.

Then he said something that stunned everyone:

"If my trees were the reason you couldn't sleep at night… then I forgive you. But remember: Allah gives. And He takes."

Months later, rain returned. A single tree at the edge of Imran's field had survived.

From it grew a harvest richer than ever before. His oil was bottled, exported. And the same merchant returned, offering to buy not just olives but the land itself.

As for Salih, his business faded. But Imran would still visit him, bringing food quietly, without speaking.

Moral of the Story:

Envy is a fire that consumes the one who lights it. What is written for others cannot be stolen and what is yours will never miss you.

"Beware of envy, for indeed it devours good deeds just as fire devours wood."

— Prophet Muhammad)Abu Dawood)

“Or do they envy people for what Allah has given them of His bounty?”
— Surah An-Nisa (4:54)

The Hands of Baba Saleh

In the outskirts of Damascus, where the olive trees stood like old men guarding the hills, lived a boy named Ammar and his father, Baba Saleh. They had no car, no fridge, and often no electricity. But they had each other, and Ammar always believed they were rich.

Every morning, before the adhan of Fajr, Saleh would wake quietly, wash up in freezing water, and head to the nearby stone quarry for work. He carried rocks, hammered stone, and returned late, covered in dust. His hands were always cracked, bleeding, and rough. Ammar hated those hands.

He wished his baba had hands like his teacher's clean and smooth. He'd often avoid holding them in public.

One day at school, Ammar's class was told to bring their fathers for a "Career Day." Ammar froze.

He didn't want the other kids to see his baba his worn-out slippers, patched thobe, or those ugly, rough hands.

That evening, Baba Saleh came home smiling. "I heard I'm invited to your school tomorrow, eh?"

Ammar forced a smile and nodded, though his heart sank.

The next morning, Saleh put oil in his beard, wore his cleanest clothes, and walked with Ammar to school. On the way, he said, "I brought a surprise."

In class, the other kids' fathers showed up one was a doctor, another an engineer, and one wore a suit and tie.

When Baba Saleh stood up, there was a quiet chuckle from a few boys. He said, "I am Saleh. I work with stone. My hands may be dirty, but with these hands, I fed my son, I carried him, I lifted stones so he could lift books. "The room fell silent……

Ammar looked up. For the first time, he saw his father not as poor but as a mountain.

That evening, as they walked home, Ammar grabbed his father's hand. He didn't let go.

Moral of the Story:

A father's love may not always come in hugs or praise, but it lives in silent sacrifices, cracked palms, and tired eyes.

Honour it before it's gone.

"And lower to them the wing of humility out of mercy and say, 'My Lord, have mercy upon them as they brought me up [when I was] small.'"

—Surah Al-Isra (17:24)

"The pleasure of Allah is in the pleasure of the father…"

— Prophet Muhammad)Tirmidhi)

The Shoes That Didn’t Fit

In a quiet village near Kashmir, snow had fallen early that year. Children played in the frost, wrapped in wool scarves, their laughter floating like steam in the cold air.

But Rayyan, a boy of twelve, watched from a distance. His shoes had holes in them.

Each morning before school, Rayyan would warm his feet by the stove while his mother patched the soles with cloth. They lived in a one room home, his mother a widow who sewed clothes late into the night, her fingers calloused, her back aching.

One evening, Rayyan returned home excited. His teacher had announced a school trip to Srinagar. He needed just 500 rupees.

“Mama, it’s only one note. I’ll bring food from home. Please? “His mother smiled but her eyes faltered.

That night, when Rayyan was asleep, she whispered into sajdah, “Ya Allah… my son doesn’t ask for toys. Just a day of joy. If I can’t give him that, what kind of mother am I?”

The next morning, she told Rayyan, “You’re going.” He lit up with joy.

On the day of the trip, he wore his cleanest shirt, hair combed, lunch packed. But when he looked down, he noticed something.

New shoes.....Perfectly his size.....“But Mama, how…?”

She only smiled and kissed his forehead. “Allah sends rizq in many ways.”

What Rayyan didn’t know was that his mother had sold her winter shawl the only one she owned and walked in the snow for three days, hiding her frostbitten fingers in her sleeves.

Years later, Rayyan became a doctor.

At a public event, when asked who inspired him most, he said:

“A woman who once gave me shoes… but walked barefoot in the snow. I didn’t know then. But I carry that warmth in my heart forever.”

Moral of the Story:

Some sacrifices are silent ... made with aching hands, empty wallets, and hidden tears. But Allah sees every one of them.

“We enjoin upon man to care for his parents. His mother carried him in weakness upon weakness…”

— Surah Luqman (31:14)

The Prophet said, “Paradise lies beneath the feet of your mother.”

— Musnad Ahmad

The Woman Who Threw Garbage

In the blessed city of Makkah, long before it embraced Islam, the Prophet Muhammad would walk the same path each morning to go pray at the Kaaba. Along this path lived an old woman who hated himnot because he had wronged her, but because he preached the truth of One God, justice, and mercy. Her heart was filled with anger and pride.

Every day, as the Prophet walked by, she would throw garbage at him from her window. And every day, he would look up, smile gently, and keep walking—never shouting, never angry. His companions were furious. “Ya Rasul Allah,” they said, “Let us stop her!”

But he would simply say, “No. She is a neighbour. And we are commanded to be kind to our neighbour’s.” This continued day after day.

Then one morning, as he walked the same path… nothing happened.

No garbage. No voice. No hate.....

The Prophet stopped.

He asked the people around, “Where is the woman who lives here?”

They replied, “She is very sick. She hasn’t moved in days.”

Without hesitation, the Prophet went to her home. He knocked gently and was let in. When the woman saw him standing by her bedside, she began to tremble. She thought he had come to take revenge.

But instead, he said, “I heard you were unwell, so I came to visit you. How are you feeling today? “Tears filled her eyes.

“Why would you come to me?” she whispered. “After all I did to you?”

He replied, “Because that is what Islam teaches—to visit the sick, even if they have hurt you.”

The woman broke down in tears and said, “Ash-hadu an la ilaha illAllah, wa ash-hadu anna Muhammadan Rasulullah.” “I bear witness there is no god but Allah, and Muhammad is the Messenger of Allah.”

She became Muslim that very day—not through a miracle of the heavens, but through the miracle of mercy in a human heart.

Moral of the Story:

The greatest dawah (invitation to Islam) is not always in speeches or books sometimes it’s in your character, your patience, and your forgiveness. The Prophet didn’t just preach Islam he lived it.

“Indeed, you are of a great moral character.”

— Surah Al-Qalam (68:4)

The Last Date Palm

In the small village of Rahma, nestled between rolling hills and whispering winds, lived a young orphan named Amina. Her parents had passed away when she was very young, and she was raised by her elderly grandfather, Yusuf a gentle man with a long white beard and a heart full of du’as.
They lived simply, in a clay house surrounded by a few chickens and one old, towering date palm that her grandfather had planted when Amina was born.
Every morning before Fajr, Yusuf would wake Amina and take her hand as they walked to the masjid together. On the way, they always stopped under the date palm.
“Do you know why I planted this tree?” he would ask.
“Yes, Grandpa,” she’d smile. “You said it was a gift to me, but also a gift to the world.”
He would nod and say, “The Prophet said, ‘If the Hour (the Day of Judgment) is about to be established and one of you was holding a palm shoot, let him plant it.’ Even a small act of goodness never goes unnoticed by Allah.”
The date palm gave them shade in the summer and its fruit fed them in the lean months. Amina would often watch her grandfather collect fallen dates and share them with the poor, even when they had little for themselves.
One harsh winter, Yusuf fell gravely ill. Amina stayed by his side, praying, wiping his forehead, and whispering verses from the Qur’an. On his last night, under the dim light of the old oil lamp, he took her hand in his trembling fingers.
“Amina,” he whispered, “I may not be with you much longer, but promise me something.”
Tears welled in her eyes. “Anything, Grandpa.”
“Don’t ever cut down the date palm. It’s not just a tree.
It is our sadaqah jariyah—a good deed that keeps giving.”
Amina sobbed quietly as he recited the Shahada and returned to his Lord.
After her grandfather’s burial, the villagers advised her to sell the land and tree she was alone and poor. But Amina refused. Instead, she began caring for the date palm with even more love than before.
Years passed.
The tree grew taller, its fruit more abundant. Amina gave dates to the needy, travellers, orphans, and even birds. Her little home became known as
Bayt al-Rahma—the House of Mercy.

One day, a stranger arrived in the village. He was weak, hungry, and sunburnt. Amina welcomed him, gave him food, water, and let him rest under the tree. Before leaving, the man said, “I was lost, and I asked Allah for a sign of His mercy and He led me to your home.”
Amina looked up at the date palm, and her eyes filled with tears.
Moral of the Story:
Small acts of love done for the sake of Allah like planting a tree, giving food, or sheltering the weak can outlive us and continue to earn reward in the Hereafter. Allah never forgets even a single date given with sincerity.
“Whoever does an atom’s weight of good will see it.”
— Surah Az-Zalzalah (99:7)

The Lantern in the Desert

In a vast desert village named Nur, surrounded by endless sand dunes and starry skies, lived an old lantern-maker named Harun. Though poor in wealth, Harun was rich in wisdom and contentment. Every evening after Maghrib prayer, he would sit outside his modest shop, crafting lanterns and reciting verses from the Qur'an, his weathered hands glowing in the flickering candlelight.

One day, a weary traveller named Qasim stumbled into Nur, his clothes torn and his eyes filled with desperation. He had lost his way, his caravan, and all his belongings.

With only a small satchel and a heavy heart, he wandered the village seeking help, but the townspeople were hesitant some feared strangers, others were simply too busy.

When Qasim passed by Harun's humble shop, the old man looked up and smiled. "Peace be upon you, traveller. You look tired. Come, sit with me."

Qasim sat down with a sigh of relief. "I am lost," he confessed. "And I have nothing left."

Harun poured him water and gave him dates from his meager stash. Then he lit a small lantern and handed it to Qasim.

"Take this," he said. "Light your way with it tonight. Tomorrow, we will find a path for you."

"But I cannot pay you," Qasim replied.

Harun placed a hand on his shoulder.

"This light is a gift, not a loan. The Prophet said, 'He who relieves the hardship of a believer in this world, Allah will relieve his hardship on the Day of Judgment.'"

Qasim's eyes welled up. That night, he used the lantern to find a safe place to rest outside the village.

In the morning, Harun introduced him to a caravan leader who needed an extra hand for the journey ahead. Qasim was given work, and with time, he regained his wealth and strength.....

Years passed.

Qasim became a successful merchant and never forgot the kindness of the old lantern-maker.

On one of his travels, he returned to Nur but Harun had passed away.

Qasim built a well in the village in Harun's name, so travelers would always find water and rest there. He also funded a school where children learned the Qur'an by the light of handmade lanterns.

Moral of the Story:

A small act of kindness, done sincerely for the sake of Allah, can light the way for generations. Like Harun’s lantern, our compassion can become a source of guidance and hope even long after we are gone.
“Indeed, those who believe and do righteous deeds the Most Merciful will appoint for them affection.”
— Surah Maryam (19:96)

The Pebble on the Path

In the city of Kufa, there lived an old man named Salih, who worked as a humble shoemaker. His hands were calloused, his shop was no more than a wooden bench under a tree, but his heart ah, his heart was full of light.
Salih wasn't known for wealth, nor for grand speeches. But he was deeply sincere, and every night before sleeping, he would whisper:
"Ya Rabb, I have no great deeds to show You. But take my small ones and make them weighty."
One day, after Fajr prayer, Salih was walking along a narrow path near the masjid. He noticed a sharp stone lying in the middle of the walkway. It wasn't large, but enough that it could make someone trip.
He looked around. No one was watching.
He bent down, picked up the stone, and gently placed it beneath a nearby tree.
Then he moved on.
That's it. Nothing dramatic. Just a small gesture.
Years passed. Salih lived a simple life and eventually returned to Allah quiet and unnoticed, as he had lived.
But listen to this.
A young man named Abdur Rahman, who used to walk that same path, would often trip in the morning darkness. But after that stone was removed, he began walking safely. Grateful, he started coming to the masjid more regularly.
One day, he heard a khutbah that moved him to tears, and he changed his life completely memorized Qur'an, taught others, and even helped build an orphan school.
No one knew about the stone.
No one remembered Salih.
But Allah knew, Allah remembered.
And on the Day of Judgment, when scales are brought forth, Salih's scroll of deeds will be opened……and he will find mountains of reward.
He will ask, "Ya Allah… where did all this come from?"

And it will be said:
"From a pebble… you moved out of love for others and for Me."
Moral of the Story:
Never underestimate a small deed done sincerely.
A smile. A kind word. A hand to the elderly. A stone removed from the road.

These may be the very deeds that save us.
The Prophet said:
“I saw a man walking in Paradise because he had removed a harmful object from the road.”
— Sahih Muslim
“Do not belittle any good deed, even if it is meeting your brother with a cheerful face.”
— Sahih Muslim

The King, the Servant, and the Broken Cup

In the golden palace of Caliph Harun al-Rashid, where every hallway echoed with power and wealth, there lived a servant named Abdullah. He was poor, unimportant in the eyes of the world, but deeply loved by many in the palace for his honesty and humility.

Abdullah served as a cupbearer, quietly bringing the Caliph water, tea, and rose-scented drinks in delicate goblets. He never spoke unless spoken to, and he never looked the Caliph in the eyes.

One summer afternoon, the Caliph was seated in his private garden chamber, enjoying the scent of blooming jasmine and the soft sound of the fountains. Abdullah entered silently with a golden cup of chilled rosewater, his hands trembling slightly, aware of the perfection expected in a royal setting.

But as he stepped forward, his foot caught the edge of the Caliph's embroidered carpet. In a moment of helplessness, the cup slipped from his hand. It hit the marble floor.

CLINK. SHATTER. SILENCE.

Golden shards lay scattered. The precious water stained the floor. The birds outside seemed to stop singing.

Abdullah froze, eyes wide with panic. The guards tensed. Punishment for such carelessness was not uncommon some servants had been lashed for less.

Harun al-Rashid slowly looked at the broken cup, then at Abdullah, whose lips trembled as he stammered:

"My lord… I… I did not mean to"

But before he could finish, the Caliph raised his hand.

Then, in a voice soft but strong, he recited:

"...Those who restrain their anger…"(Surah Ali 'Imran 3:134)

Abdullah blinked, unsure if he'd heard correctly.

The Caliph walked down from his seat and added:

"...And those who pardon the people…"

By now, tears had welled up in the servant's eyes. No harsh word had come. No punishment. Only verses from the Book of Allah.

The Caliph stood close and placed his hand gently on Abdullah's shoulder.

"And do you know how the verse ends, O Abdullah?" he asked, smiling kindly.

"It ends with: '…and Allah loves the doers of good.'"

At that moment, Abdullah collapsed in prostration not to the Caliph, but in gratitude to Allah, who had shown him mercy through the heart of a king.

The shattered cup was never spoken of again. But the mercy shown that day lived on in every corner of the palace.

Moral of the Story:
True strength is not in anger, but in controlling it.
True greatness is not in power, but in forgiveness.
And the heart that remembers Allah in moments of trial will always rise above.
“Those who spend [in the cause of Allah] during ease and hardship and who restrain anger and who pardon the people and Allah loves the doers of good.”
— Surah Ali ‘Imran (3:134)
The Prophet ﷺ said:“The strong is not the one who overcomes people by his strength, but the one who controls himself while in anger.”
— Sahih al-Bukhari

The Ink-Stained

There once lived a man in Damascus, whose name was Yunus ibn Rawah. In his youth, he was known for all the wrong reasons he drank, gambled, and his nights were filled with sins too heavy to name. People would cross the street to avoid him. Some whispered that he was cursed.

Yunus knew what he was doing was wrong, but his heart felt too dark, too stained to return. He would often sit alone at night, looking at the stars and thinking:

"Would Allah forgive someone like me?"

One day, as he walked past the masjid courtyard, he saw a group of children studying Qur'an, their voices gentle, full of light. Something in him shattered. His own soul had become like a wall covered in soot, yearning for water.

That night, for the first time in years, he cried. He fell into sujood on the cold floor of his home, and his tears made the dust beneath him wet.

Then he did something strange.

Yunus took out a sheet of paper, dipped his pen in ink, and began to write a letter but not to any human being.

It was a letter to Allah. He wrote:

"Ya Allah…
I am ashamed to face You.
My hands are dirty, my eyes have seen what they should not,
my heart is a house full of cobwebs.
But You are Ar-Rahman…
If You reject me, where will I go?
Forgive me. I am tired of running away from You."

He folded the letter and placed it on his prayer mat.

That night, Yunus died in his sleep.

The next morning, his neighbour, an elderly man who would often try to advise him, noticed Yunus had not left his home. He entered and found him peaceful, eyes closed, a faint smile on his face. And near his head, the letter.

At his janazah, the imam held up the letter and read it aloud. The crowd, who had once judged him, now wept.

Moral of the Story:

Never assume that your sins are too great. Despair is the whisper of shaytan but hope is the promise of Allah.

Even the filthiest hearts can be cleansed by one tear of sincere tawbah.
“Say, ‘O My servants who have transgressed against themselves [by sinning], do not despair of the mercy of Allah. Indeed, Allah forgives all sins. Indeed, it is He who is the Forgiving, the Merciful.’”
— Surah Az-Zumar (39:53)
The Prophet ﷺ said:
“Allah is more pleased with the repentance of His servant than a person who loses his camel in the desert and then finds it again.”
— Sahih Muslim

A Sack of Dates, A Heart of Gold

The hidden kindness of Abu Bakr(رضي الله عنه) and the tears of Umar(رضي الله عنه)

After the passing of the beloved Prophet ﷺ, Abu Bakr As-Siddiq (رضي الله عنه) became the first Caliph the leader of all Muslims. The weight of the Ummah was on his shoulders. Yet he remained quiet, humble, and unnoticed in the shadows of Madinah.

But he had a secret.

Every night, after the city had gone to sleep, he would leave his house alone, his footsteps soft on the stone paths. He would carry nothing but a small sack of dates, a water skin, and a cloth bag of flour tied over his shoulder.

No guards. No servants. No announcement.

One night, Umar ibn Al-Khattab (رضي الله عنه), who had long admired Abu Bakr's strength and devotion, noticed him slipping away after 'Isha.

Suspicious, yet curious, Umar followed at a distance. He watched as Abu Bakr exited the city walls and walked toward a run-down hut at the edge of Madinah.

Abu Bakr knocked softly, then entered.

Umar waited.

Time passed. The stars shifted. Still, Abu Bakr did not come out.

Finally, after what seemed like nearly an hour, he emerged his sack now empty.

Umar approached the house. An old woman, blind and bent with age, answered the door.

"Peace be upon you, mother," Umar said gently. "Who is the man that comes to you every night?"

She smiled with half-toothless lips and said:

"I don't know his name, my son. He comes every night. He brings me dates, grinds flour, fetches water, cleans the floor, and leaves without a word."

Umar asked, "Do you pay him anything?"

The woman laughed lightly, "I have nothing to give… not even a coin. But he says he expects no reward 'Only from Allah.'"

Umar's heart clenched. His chest grew heavy.

Tears filled his eyes as he whispered to himself:

"You tired me out, Abu Bakr. Even after your leadership… you still outdo us all in service."

Abu Bakr never told anyone. He never once mentioned the woman. Not in a khutbah. Not even to Umar.

He served her in secret until he returned to Allah.

Later, when Umar (رضي الله عنه)became Caliph, he thought to take over this noble act. He found the same house, at the same hour, and carried a fresh sack of dates to the woman.
She greeted him kindly, but as he served her, she suddenly frowned.
“You are not the same man,” she said.
“How do you know?” he asked.
She replied with quiet sorrow:
“The other man would feed me the dates with his own hand… he would sit with me a while. He never made me feel like a burden.”
Umar lowered his head. He couldn’t speak.
The strength of the world had just been outmatched by the gentleness of a friend.
He went outside, sat on the ground, and wept like a child and missed Abu bakar!.....
Moral of the Story:
True leadership is not shown in power, but in service done when no one is watching.
The best hearts are not those full of pride — but those that bring a sack of dates in the night, expecting only Allah’s reward.
“Whatever good you send forth for yourselves, you will find it with Allah. It is better and greater in reward.”
— Surah Al-Muzzammil (73:20)
The Prophet ﷺ said:
“Whoever relieves a believer’s distress, Allah will relieve him of a distress on the Day of Resurrection.”
— Sahih Muslim
And: “The most beloved people to Allah are those who are most beneficial to others.”
— Tabarani (Hasan)

The Widow’s Last Loaf

In the outskirts of an old desert town lived a woman named Umm Huda, a widow with two young children. Her husband had passed away in a caravan accident months ago. Since then, life had become a storm of hunger and uncertainty.
One evening, the sun was dipping low, and the desert winds carried nothing but silence. Umm Huda opened the small chest where she kept her food ,all that remained was a handful of flour and a tiny amount of oil.
She knelt down, kneaded the dough gently, and whispered to her Lord through her tears:
“Ya Allah… You are the Best of Providers. I have no one but You.”
She made one small loaf, barely enough for her children.
As she set the bread on the firestone, someone knocked at her door. She opened it.
It was an old, tired traveller, dusty from the road, leaning on a stick.
He said, “Peace be upon you, sister. I have eaten nothing for two days. I was told this street belongs to kind people.”
Umm Huda looked at her children and then at the man’s hollow eyes.
She didn’t speak.
She simply turned, took the only loaf, and placed it in his hands.
“Eat, ya Shaykh. And may Allah feed me and my children.”
He bowed in gratitude, weeping as he ate.
That night, Umm Huda had nothing left.
Her children slept with empty stomachs, and she sat beside the fire, whispering dhikr, tears falling onto her dry hands.
Just before Fajr, she heard another knock.
It was her neighbour a merchant ,panicked and breathless.
“Umm Huda! I was entrusted with gold to deliver, but I’m leaving for Hajj tomorrow. I need someone trustworthy to do it for me. And Allah placed your name in my heart.”
He handed her a heavy pouch of dinars, as a reward to deliver the gold to that person....and the amount was more than enough to feed her family for a year.

She collapsed in sujood.
“Ya Allah… You never abandon those who trust You.”

Moral of the Story:
Tawakkul is not hoping for miracles without action it’s giving all you have, even when it’s the last thing, believing that Allah will never let you down. And He never does.

“And whoever relies upon Allah then He is sufficient for him.”
— Surah At-Talaq (65:3)
The Prophet said:
“If you were to rely upon Allah with the reliance He is due, He would provide for you as He provides for the birds they leave in the morning with empty stomachs and return full.”
— Tirmidhi (2344), Sahih

The Last Sip

In the time of the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, during one of the most intense battles in Islamic history the Battle of Uhud brave men lined up, defending their faith, their families, and the Messenger of Allah ﷺ.
Among them stood an old man, weak in body, but fierce in heart: Harith ibn Amr, a companion known for his wisdom and age.
He insisted on fighting, even though his sons tried to hold him back.
“Father,” they said, “you are too old, let us fight in your place.”
He replied, “I have waited my whole life for a day like this to stand before Allah with blood on my hands, defending His Messenger ﷺ.”
He was given permission, and he went forth bravely into the battlefield.
As the sun beat down and the swords clashed, Harith was struck by a spear. He fell, wounded but alive. He lay gasping on the burning ground, dust clouding his vision, blood staining his lips.
Two young men Mu’adh and Suhaib, teenage companions saw him and rushed to help.
They quickly fetched water in a small leather pouch and brought it to him.
Harith took the pouch, but just as he lifted it to his parched lips… he heard a voice behind him another injured man groaning in pain. He paused.
Then he passed the water to the next man, saying:
“He is thirstier than I.”
The second man, reaching for the water, also heard someone else in pain.
And so he passed the pouch again, saying:
“No, give it to him… he needs it more.”
The pouch went from man to man from the old to the young, from the strong to the weak until it returned to Harith… and he was already gone.
He died before he could take a sip.
So did the others.
None of them drank.
Each gave respect and priority to the other out of love, honor, and brotherhood.
Moral of the Story:
Respecting elders isn’t just about giving them your seat or lowering your voice it’s about honouring their dignity, valuing their sacrifice, and giving them priority even when it costs us. This is the true adab (manners) of Islam.
“…and lower to them the wing of humility out of mercy and say, ‘My Lord, have mercy upon them as they brought me up [when I was] small.’”
— Surah Al-Isra (17:24)

The Prophet said:
“He is not one of us who does not have mercy on our young and does not respect our elders.”
— Tirmidhi (Sahih)
“Part of glorifying Allah is honouring the gray-haired Muslim.”
— Abu Dawud (Hasan)

The Boy Who Waited at the Masjid Door

(A lesson in loving the Prophet ﷺ with all your heart)

In the golden days of Madinah, when the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ walked among the people like the sun among stars, there lived a young orphan boy named Thaabit.

He had no father, no mother only an old aunt who cared for him. But Thaabit's heart was full, because it had something most children didn't. A love for the Prophet ﷺ that filled every corner of his soul.

Each morning, he would rush to the masjid, waiting at the doorway just to see the Prophet ﷺ walk in.

He would sit at the back of the gatherings, quietly watching the Prophet ﷺ speak, hoping for a glance a smile or a moment of attention.

And sometimes, just sometimes, the Prophet ﷺ would turn, notice him, and say:

"Assalamu Alaikum, ya Thaabit."

That was enough to make his whole week bright.

But one day, Thaabit was not at the masjid.

Not in the morning.

Not at Dhuhr.

Not at Maghrib.

The Prophet ﷺ noticed and asked:

"Where is the boy who used to sit by the wall?"

The companions looked around.

No one had seen him.

Finally, an elderly neighbour came forward and said:

"O Messenger of Allah… the boy is ill. Very ill. He hasn't spoken much. He only asks, 'Will I still see the Prophet ﷺ again?'"

When the Prophet ﷺ heard this, he stood up immediately and walked to Thaabit's small, crumbling house.

He sat beside the boy's bed. Thaabit's eyes, though heavy with fever, lit up.

"Ya RasulAllah… you came?"

The Prophet ﷺ took his hand, wiped his forehead, and said:

"Do you miss me, Thaabit?"

Tears filled the boy's eyes. "More than anything in the world. But I'm afraid… I won't see you in Jannah. You will be high in Paradise… and I am just a poor boy."

The companions who stood behind the Prophet ﷺ lowered their heads. The room was silent.

Then the Prophet ﷺ the one whose heart was softer than the clouds leaned in and whispered:

“You will be with the one you love.”
Thaabit smiled.
He didn’t speak again. He passed away before Fajr.
That night, the Prophet ﷺ cried in his prayer.
When asked why, he said:
“There is a space by the door of the masjid that feels empty… and a heart that loved me purely has returned to its Lord.”

Moral of the Story:
Loving the Prophet ﷺ is not just a part of faith it is faith itself. And the one who loves him sincerely will be near him in Paradise, no matter their status in this world.
“Say, [O Muhammad], ‘If you love Allah, then follow me, and Allah will love you and forgive your sins.’”
— Surah Aal-Imran (3:31)
A man asked the Prophet ﷺ: “
When is the Hour?”
He replied, “What have you prepared for it?”
The man said, “I haven’t prepared much, but I love Allah and His Messenger.”
The Prophet ﷺ said:
“You will be with those whom you love.”
— Sahih al-Bukhari, Sahih Muslim

The patched robe

There was a Jew of Damascus who was reading a holy book one day when he came across the name of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) written in it.
Not liking this he removed the name but the next day he found it again then he took out the name but on the third day it appeared again.
He thought “perhaps this is the sign that the true emissary has come” .
I will journey southwards to Madinah and he forthwith started out, not tarrying until he reached the city of prophet. When he arrived their knowing nobody ,he was near the mosque of prophet.
When the sahabi Anas(ra) arrived he said to him friend take me to the Prophet!
Anas (ra) led him into the mosque which was full of people in anguish. Abu bakar(ra) the successor was sitting their at the head of assembly.
The old man went up to him thinking that he must be Muhammad, and said “O chosen envoy of g a strayed old man has come to offer u peace “ hearing the title of prophet used everyone present burst into flood of tears, the stranger was uncertain as to what to do.
He said I am a foreigner and Jew and I am in aware of the rights of faith of submission to the will of Allah.
Have I said something untoward ? Should I have remained silent? Or is this a ritual observation? Why do you cry? If it is a ceremony I have never heard of it.
Omar(ra) said we do not wheep because of anything which you have done.
 But you must hear unfortunate one that it is but a week since the Prophet left the earth when we heard his name grief took possession of our hearts anew.
As soon as he heard this the ancient tore his clothes in anguish.
When he had recovered a little, he said “do me one favour let me have at least the robe of the Prophet if I can not see him at least let me have this”
Omar (ra) answered only Fatimah(ra) could give us one of his robe! Ali(ra) said but she will not allow anyone to go near her.,but they went to her door knocked and explained what they wanted.
Fatimah(ra) answered. Verily the Prophet spoke truly when he said ‘shortly before died
A wayfarer who has love towards me and who is a good man will come to the house, he will not see me .give him
 Therefore this patchwork robe as if from me and for me treat him gently, offering salutations.

The Jew put the robe on himself and professing Islam asked robe taken to the Prophets grave which was the place where he breathed last

Moral of the story:
Loving the Prophet is not just a part of faith it is faith itself. And the one who loves him sincerely will be near him in Paradise, no matter their status in this world.
 “Say, [O Muhammad], ‘If you love Allah, then follow me, and Allah will love you and forgive your sins.’”— Surah Aal-Imran (3:31)

A lesson from disabled people

Once a visitor was being shown around the leaders colony of India. The colony was built to provide shelter to those who were poor and had various physical disabilities.
At noon a gong sounded to gather the inhabitants for the midday meal.People came from all parts of the compound to dining hall.
Suddenly, everyone started laughing at two young men,one riding onto others back pretending to be a horse and a rider. They ware having lots of fun.
As the visitor watched, he was told that the man who carried his friend was blind and the man being carried was lame(one who cannot walk)the one who couldn't walk used his eyes and the one who couldn't see used his feet. Together they helped each other and reached their destination ….

Moral of the Story:
Let us use each other's strength to make up for the weakness of others. Our strength is unity not division .True Strength Lies in Helping One Another, No Matter Our Limits
Even when a person has less physically, financially, or emotionally their help and support can carry more reward and impact than those who have more.
In Islam, helping others, especially in difficulty, is an act loved by Allah, and those who struggle themselves but still give are often the most beloved in His sight.
"Help one another in righteousness and piety, but do not help one another in sin and aggression."
— Surah Al-Ma'idah (5:2)
"And whoever saves one life it is as if he had saved all of mankind."
— Surah Al-Ma'idah (5:32)
The Prophet said:
"Allah helps His servant as long as he helps his brother."
— Sahih Muslim (2699)
The Prophet said:
"The most beloved people to Allah are those who are most beneficial to others."
— Al-Mu'jam Al-Awsat (Tabarani)

The Boy Who Slept in a Mosque

(The true story of Sheikh Abdul Rahman As-Sudais — the Imam of Masjid al-Haram)
Today, millions recognize his voice the powerful, emotional recitation that fills the Ka’bah during Taraweeh. But few know the boy he once was…
Long before he became Imam of Masjid al-Haram in Makkah, Abdul Rahman As-Sudais was a quiet, shy boy living in Riyadh. His family was poor, and he struggled in school. His early teachers said:
“He’s slow… he’ll never amount to much.”
But his mother, a righteous woman, never gave up on him. One day, she told him something that he would never forget:
“If you can’t be strong in knowledge, then be strong in discipline. Wake before the sun, sleep after the Qur’an, and never raise your voice above your salah.”
From that day, young Abdul Rahman began waking before Fajr every morning.
He would go to the masjid in the cold, memorize just one verse a day, and then sit quietly, repeating it while the city still slept.
When other boys played, he memorized.
When they laughed, he cried reciting the Qur’an under a flickering bulb.
When there was no space in his small home, he would even sleep in the mosque among ants, under ceiling fans, holding onto his mushaf like it was a shield.
Years passed.
He memorized the entire Qur’an.
Then he studied tajweed, qira’at, Arabic grammar, hadith, tafsir…
One day, during Taraweeh in Makkah, he was asked to lead just two rak’ahs.
People wept..
Not because he was famous.
But because his voice was filled with discipline, pain, and love built over years of quiet sacrifice.

Eventually, he was appointed Imam of Masjid al-Haram.
He became one of the most beloved reciters in the world.
Moral of the Story :
Hard work beats talent when talent doesn’t work hard.
Real greatness isn’t born overnight. It grows quietly — in discipline, in patience, and in prayer when no one is watching.
“And say, ‘Do [righteous] work, for Allah will see your deeds…’”
— Surah At-Tawbah (9:105)

The Empty Bowl

In a small village surrounded by hills, lived an old blind woman named Rahiya. She had no family, no wealth, and no strength left in her hands. All she had was a wooden bowl and a heart full of faith.

Each morning, Rahiya would sit at the door of her little mud home and whisper, “Ya Allah, You are the Best of Providers. I trust only You.”

She didn’t beg from people. She didn’t complain. She only waited patient, smiling, her bowl empty.

One day, a young man named Zayd, who had just returned from the city, saw her while passing. Curious, he stopped and asked, “What are you doing, Mother?”

Rahiya smiled, “I’m waiting for my Rizq.”

Zayd laughed gently. “But the bowl is empty.”

She replied, “It may be empty now… but the heart of the one who fills it is never empty.”

That struck Zayd deeply. Without saying a word, he went to the market and bought warm bread, dates, and honey. When he placed them in her bowl, Rahiya raised her hands to the sky and made dua…….

“O Allah, bless the one who fed me from a heart that still beats with mercy.”

Zayd wept. That day, he realized something in all the wealth he had chased, he had never felt as rich as he did while filling a blind woman’s bowl.

Moral of the story:

When your heart is full of faith, even an empty bowl holds the promise of Allah’s mercy.

“And whoever puts his trust in Allah He will be enough for him.”

— Surah At-Talaq (65:3)

The Prophet said:

“If you were to rely upon Allah with reliance due to Him, He would provide for you as He provides for the birds: they go out hungry in the morning and return full in the evening.”

— (Tirmidhi)

About the Author

Ayesha Siddiqha is a passionate writer devoted to sharing Islamic values through meaningful storytelling. She believes that even the shortest stories can leave lasting imprints on the soul. Treasure of Morals is her heartfelt gift to seekers of wisdom, young and old.

Note to the readers

Dear Reader,
If you've reached this far, I want to say thank you not just for reading these stories, but for allowing your heart to pause, reflect, and remember.
This book was not written to impress, but to inspire. Not for fame, but for faith.
Every word was written with the hope that it brings someone even one soul a little closer to Allah, the Most Loving.
If any story made you smile, tear up, or whisper a quiet "SubhanAllah" then all praise is due to Allah alone.
And if I've made any mistake, then it is from myself and I ask Allah to forgive me and guide me.
May these stories serve as gentle reminders and silent companions in your daily life. May they encourage you, soften your heart, and bring you closer to the One who never forgets us the one Most Merciful and the most Forgiving. May Almighty Allah bless us all guidance
With sincerity and salaam,
Your sister in faith,
Ayesha Siddiqha.

Keep seeking goodness. Keep living with morals.

“O Allah, guide our hearts, beautify our character, and make us among those who walk upon the path of the righteous. Accept this effort and allow it to reach those in need of light.”
Ameen.

To share your thoughts, ideas or follow future projects mail at
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